

BOMBPROOF

*A Weekly Paper Devoted to the Interests
of U. S. Army General Hospital No. 18*



*Captain Francis B. Roseboro
Who has received his honorable discharge from the United States Army*

Vol. 1. No. 28

Published by and for the Enlisted Men
of U. S. Army General Hospital No. 18

Jan. 25, 1919

New Years is the Time

—TO—

Make Good Resolutions

Resolve to make the Aiken
Gift Shop your place to
buy Stationery, Books,
Periodicals and Souvenirs.

Kodak Finishing & Picture Framing

The Aiken Gift Shop



Hotel Waynesville

Miss Jessie Herren, Prop.

Excellent food and modern accommodations at reasonable prices
Open the year around. Only 15 minutes' walk from the
Army Hospital. A real home-like place at an altitude of nearly 3,000 feet. Write for particulars

Waynesville, N. C.

PHONE 111

NEXT TO POST OFFICE

The Post Exchange

of

U. S. General Hospital, No. 18

has engaged this space for announcements from time to time. Remember that the Exchange is run by soldiers for the benefit of the soldiers and with your co-operation it can be made whatever you wish.

Good Kitchen Equipment a Necessity

The modern workshop is equipped so as to accomplish the most with less time and less expense. The kitchen is the workroom of the home. Without a

Buck Range

the equipment is incomplete. Come in and see our new shipment of Buck Stoves and Ranges.

—o—

Sloan-Plotter Hardware Co.

PHONE 133

BOMB PROOF



Published Weekly

Vol. 1. Number 28

Waynesville, N. C., January 25, 1919

Price 5 Cents

Miss Inez Johnson Another Heroine Here

Back From France After 18 Months' Service With A. E. F.

This hospital again has the honor of having a real, live heroine listed among its convalescing patient nurses. Miss Inez Johnson, of Albany, has just arrived here after 18 months' service overseas with the American Forces. Miss Johnson was attached to the first unit to leave the states for France, which was the Johns Hopkins Unit, leaving America June 9, 1917.

After arriving in France they were stationed in the first American hospital to be opened which was No. 101, at St. Nazaire. Here Miss Johnson stayed until the American boys got into the thick of the fight and then she was stationed in Evacuation Hospital, No. 12, which is in the Toul sector, not far from Metz. This hospital was only a short distance to the rear of the trenches and, of course, Miss Johnson was right in the midst of the fighting.

"Towards the closing days of the war," she said, "the Germans in their despair became more than frantic and they would even try to shell the boys back of the lines when they were lined up for mess. This was a daily occurrence." Miss Johnson had to keep her gas mask and helmet by her side all the time and whenever out for exercise or a stroll, they had to be worn. Airplanes were constantly overhead and as many as 25 could be seen at time. She has seen many raids and air fights.

One day a small party of the nurses on leave secured a big automobile and started for as near to the front as they could get. They got as far as

Bloodhounds Beget Big Babel

—or—

PUPS PERFORM PERFECTLY

When one of the prominent grocers had his stock of hard cider stolen the other night, the Chief of Police could stand the pressure no longer and although he can smell a bit of stray booze as far as the next one, this case called for work and heroic measures—so a couple of "meat hounds" were sent for.

When the "flea raisers" arrived, the village was at the depot, en masse, for history was in the making.

Promptly on their arrival, without waste of time, without hesitating, hastening to the scene of the burglary, delaying not a moment, the "bone polishers" were lead, pushed, shoved, coaxed, jostled, stepped on, and taken. After pulling them down from the counters and away from a ladder and jabbing their noses into the coal oil-soaked floor, they were pulled in the direction of the burglar.

At one time during the march the "home setters" took the lead and the crowd cheered madly, but after a little work they were pulled away from the butcher shop, where the price of meat had already risen.

The Chief of Police had a great deal of difficulty in keeping the crowd off the trail of cider that had evidently leaked from one of the pails and he requests that hereafter when he is on a warm trail there be less noise and crowding so he can think better.

After following the trail quite a way, it suddenly terminated in a house situated just in the nearby suburb of town, a lonely place where nothing could be seen for miles around. Here the dogs became quite playful and sprang upon a fellow, who, it devel-

New Mess Hall For Detachment Men

Construction to Begin Soon—Will Cost \$7,000

A regulation standard Mess Hall is to be built on the fair grounds for the Detachment men, costing about \$7,000. Work on this building will be started at once, but pending its completion a tent mess hall will be used.

The tent colony in the fair grounds is completed and the Detachment men moved in this week.

Funds are on hand for added construction and improvements and those which are most imperative will be given attention immediately. All the latrines and bath facilities for both patients and Detachment men, are to be improved. The barracks over the Reconstruction Department are to be used hereafter for the work of the school so that the entire building is now used for reconstruction purposes.

The new mess hall will be an added improvement at U. S. A. General Hospital, No. 18, and will mean better facilities for the mess of the Medical Detachment stationed here.

oped, happened to have a few apples in his pocket. The man was promptly rested and made to explain instantly how he happened to be in possession of apples.

The owner of the "rug warmers" made the statement, before he left for Asheville, that out of 88 trails that his dogs had been on, 86 times they got home in time for supper.

A great deal of doubt has prevailed about the situation and as one prominent citizen put it: "If I was on the jur-ee at th' tri-al, I don't know how I would dee-cide, bein' as how a dog ain't a human bein'."

He's right!!!

PLEASANT SOCIAL OCCASION

SLIM PICKIN'S

The Lay of the Late Sleeper

I awoke the other morning
As tired as just about
And much to my disgust, again
The doggone fire was out.
So I jumped right from the covers
And I started in for fair
And I hustled up some paper;
And I built a fire right there.

Then I got a pail of water
And put it on to heat
And I gently woke the others
By walloping their feet.
Then I heard an awful racket
And from the air a scream
And the bunch were back from break-
fast,
And—well—it 'twas just a dream.

Says Doc Hammer to the lieutenant: "When do I get out of here, sir?"

Lieut.: "I don't know."

Doctor: "Well, I'm going to get out of here by the first, somehow."

Lieut.: "Well, good-bye, if I don't see you before you get back."

Pvt. Sam Tevis says, "All these yere ossifers are mad at me since I put in for an S. C. D.. None of them salute me anymore."

Pvt. Withers sure is worried about that letter his girls sent him.

Corp. Holman says if he does get discharged from her h'es coming back for a couple of weeks in the summer. H's home is in Spokane, Wash.

Mr. Cope, the "Y" man, known as the gloom dispeller, comes near being just the opposite when he mentioned that the entire U. S. was going dry.

Sorry I can't give you any town news this week. There's a reason.

And Getzler can't kick about somebody stealing his goil this week, either.

NEW ARRIVALS

Nurses—Edna Fiitz, West Hoboken, N. J.; Inez E. Johnson, Albany, N. Y.; M. Lucy Webb, Covington, Ga.; Dora R. McClanahan, Mobile, Ala.; Edith May Palmer, San Angelo, Tex.; Helen Gillece, Franklin, Mass.

Enlisted Men—Pvt. Raydell Johnson, Elizabeth City, N. C.; Pvt. Lucius Tony, Buhevile, S. C.

WARD I

The last note of taps had just died away on the still wet air of Wednesday night. There was a moment's pause—then loud, menacing, and shrill, another call arose, which, supplemented by raucous cries from Subbugler Getzler, was eventually identified as "fire call." The Detachment was up and doing. From all parts of camp they poured forth. Even the fair ground contributed its quota of disgruntled soldiers. A ruddy glow was reflected from a point somewhere in the central part of General Hospital, No. 18. Was it the Curative Workshops, with the new garage, full of shavings and inflammable oils? Fear that it might be so clutched at the hearts of the self-appointed fire-fighters. Given the right wind, dry leaves and favoring conditions and the entire works might go up in flame! But their joy was of a minor character. There was no wind. Rain was falling softly and hissing—and the fire was finally located in a certain unnamable out-building. When it had been made sure that the destruction was complete pails of water did their deadly work and the heroes returned light-hearted to their bunks. But whatever the cause, the Detachment looks forward calmly and hopefully, to one glorious result—a new latrine.

CUPID SCORES AGAIN

Corporal E. Stasser and Miss Frances Morris were married at the home of the bride on Boyd avenue at 5 p. m. Sunday afternoon, by the Rev. E. V. Joyner, of the Baptist church. The bride and groom expected to have a quiet time, but the word got out some way and by the time the Reverend was ready about 50 of the young people's near friends had gathered and it was not so quiet as they had expected it to be. Later they will take a little honeymoon trip that will end in Toledo, O., where they will make their home, and the corporal will take up his duties with the railroad, of which he was a former employee. And the boys of the hospital all wish them happiness.

Love or Money?

When you see a sold'er spread all over a tab'e with several sheets of paper in front of him and looking damn serious, right then and there you can make up your mind that he is writing on one of two subjects: Love or money.

Our ward surgeon remarked: "Well, even if I didn't get to shoot a gun in France, I can shoot rabbits in the outskirts of Waynesville." "Some sport," say we.

Since Pvt. Kingery has been transferred to Camp Upton, N. Y., the boys around his bed will miss his walking in three times a week at 11 p. m. Some attractions in Waynesville proper, hey Kingery?

If you want to get the slumps just got in among Ward I men when compensation or disability discharges are being discussed. Something for nothing, seems to be the spirit.

Sgt. Walker will be missed in the telephone booth during his leave of absence.

Why not call on Storey for a fable?

We had quite a few boys who were anxious to go home on a furlough, but we have very few who were anxious to get back. Now that you are back, be a soldier, boys, even if it may not seem so nice. It could easily be a whole lot worse. How about it, Pvt. Wilson?

Pvt. Thomas says he's thankful that he no longer has the "gimme a cigarette" habit. It's not hard to quit smoking, boys, if one makes up his mind. Ask Thomas.

Tuesday night, immediately after supper, Pvt. McDonald said: "Finest supper I've had in the mess hall yet?" What's the matter, Mac?

Pvt. Coons says: "I never want to hear of a razor being mentioned again as long as I live. Cheer up, Coons. Ask to have your bunking place changed.

INCOME TAX

All single persons who have an income of over \$1 000 and all married persons who have an income of over \$2 000, will kindly report same to the Registrar. Banks will be given to be filled in and later a government representative will be here to attend to the matter. Understand that government salaries are not exempt from income tax.

Micky's Philosophy

Friend george:

Well, george, jes like i promised, i am ritin agen. I received your leter and was glad to heer that tings are pickin up agaen. You remember, george, how we ust to pick em up an one day some smart guy stopt on your hand, huh, sure ya do. Gee, that was grate, and you couldn't tell your ma how it hapent cause you wus afraid of gettin licked.

There aint been much doin aroun here lately outside of a cupple of fires wot upt out by us and a few Q. M. guys, who take all the credik for ev-e-yting. It wus lots lots of fun tho. Some noise got her cloze burnd an we spilt watir all over the hous. Wednesday night our buglar had a chanct to blow fire call as a little schack in back of the detachment offis burnt. It was lots of fun. Some of the booids turnd out and some didn't. You ort of saw Sgt. McClain with a buckit. That McClain guy is sure swell.

I beleeve I told you onct dat his hare was fallen out, well, some one sent him a newspaper atikle on how

to grow hare on a wooden head. I am sendin you a part of it. its good too. Some guys are funny and some funny lookin but the guy dat rote this is damn funny. he says—Haircuts are cut into 2 classes, compulsory and oderwise. A compulsory haircut is one wot is given by de warden. You know, he is a penitentiary boss. All you do is furnish the hair. The order-wise kind are dos ordered by your mo-der when your six and your wife when your sixty, (dat is if dare is anything on your dome besides polish), yourself when you discover your soolin the bak of your collars too fast and dost you git by axxident as lik de time you fell a-sleep in a barbers chare and woke up to find he sold you everything but the two aprins and the coat rack. Dare are too times in a blokes life when he's cusin about hare, onct wen he has too much and onct wen he aint own'in enuf to stuf a tooth. When he has enuf, he's genirly too lazy to git it mowed and when its fallin out he is in a barbers joint all the time hopin the barb has found someting wots just come on de market to keep hare where it belongs.

About the only ting some guys have use fer hare fer is to stuff mattresses i can't see how some guys git away

so long on cheetin the post exchainga out of a pob fer the barber. Bum hair ol' has ruint many a plesent evenin fer many a nice goil.

Weel george, its about time I was doin someting wot is useful fer de well known Uncle Sam, so I tink i will lay off fer a while and i know without tell'n you that you will tell oll the boys an girls i wus askin fer dem an so fort. let me heer from you soon and i'll send you one of our Bumpproof papers wot is maid here by some of the goys wot don't hav nuttin else to pass time on. Day are good, too. Las week i had my name in it. So long, yours till the Ohio river goes dry.

MICKY.

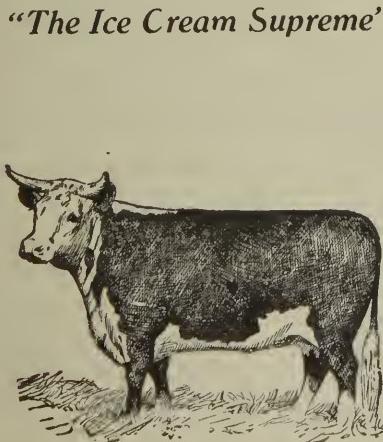
Sergt. Fisher to Corp. O'Brien: "Say, corporal, when I was a corporal I never wore my stripes."

Corp. O'Brien to Fisher: "Say, kid, I was a sergeant before you were drafted.

Still Going Up

Effective, Jan. 21, 1919: Corporals Herbert Alvis and J. Frank Williams are promoted to the grade of ser-gents. Good luck, boys. Remember, there still is the position of hospital sergeant to be filled.

*At the Post Exchange You Get
"CAROLINA SPECIAL"*



CAROLINA CREAMERY CO.
Superior Milk Products.

Jaded Appetite?

We can help you get your appetite
back with some of our fresh
fruits and vegetables

We can also sell you
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
Issue of 1919

Waynesville Fruit Supply
Juseppe Mormino, Prop.
WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

BOMB PROOF

Published by and for the Enlisted Men of U. S. General Hospital, No. 18

Pvt. ROBERT Y. DAVIS.....Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Pvt. L. B. GOLLEHUR

LIEUT. JAMES L. ANDERSON

Sgt. E. J. FOLEY

Pvt. H. V. DODD...Bus. Mgr.-Treas.

Pvt. JOSEPH EBERL...Mech. Dept.

MAJ. WALTER H. WATTERSON
Advisor

Printed by The Mountaineer-Courier
Waynesville, N. C.

Per Copy	5c
By the Year.....	\$2
By the Year (by mail).....	\$3

Entered August 12, 1918, at the post office, Waynesville, N. C., as second-class mail matter, as provided under the act of March 3, 1879.

Waynesville, N. C., January 25, 1919

CHAPLAIN ROSEBORO

In the departure of Chaplain Francis B. Roseboro, U. S. A. General Hospital, No. 18, loses a valuable man, officer and gentleman. For he was the "three-in-one," so to speak, and by loyalty to duty, gentlemanly courtesy to everyone with whom he came in contact with, and an ardent advocate of the principle of fair and square dealing with his fellowman, he won the admiration and respect of everyone at General Hospital, No. 18, from the Commanding Officer on down to the meekest buck private in the rear rank.

No favor was too large, no duty too small to receive the earnest and sincere attention of Chaplain Roseboro, and it was in a large measure through this simple though great way of dealing with men, that he was exceedingly successful in his work here. He believed in trusting implicitly every man and many are the individual deeds and services rendered to soldiers here by this courteous, kindly gentleman. Chaplain Roseboro has had much experience in dealing with men as he is on the clergy staff of Christ Church, New Haven, Conn., where a large number of the Yale University men attend services. Also he was a factor in the juvenile court work of New Haven.

Chaplain Roseboro was stationed here for a little over four months and received his honorable discharge from the army several days ago. He

leaves behind him a host of sincere admirers and friends.

Chaplain Mullen will have added duties now, but he has demonstrated already his sterling worth and ability as a chaplain.

KEEP THAT POLICY!

Uncle Sam went into the insurance business long about the spring of 1917, and now the esteemed Uncle has decided that he means to stay in that business.

In other words, the War Risk Insurance policies that practically every soldier in this man's army now holds will remain in effect until the demise of the insured or until the insured fails to pay his premiums—either of which events would be a dire calamity.

In short, the United States government is going to stay in the insurance game. The present policies will not be turned over to a regular insurance company, but will always have the wealth and credit of the United States of America back of them, which makes them pretty safe propositions, as insurance policies go.

Within a few months the government will announce the plan for changing these present term policies to standard forms of life insurance, and the insured man will have a chance to change over shortly thereafter.

Government insurance is the best and cheapest and strongest in the world, and the man who fails to keep up his policy makes a serious error in high finance.—The Right-About.

BOLSHEVISM

It was during a private interview recently that the late Theodore Roosevelt made the following statement: "The greatest menace in the United States today is not capitalism, it is the red flag, and I intend to make it my greatest effort to do everything I can to help crush it out of our civil life."

In many sections of our fair land there have recently been formed so-called "Workmen's, Soldiers' and Sailors' Councils." These infamous leagues are camouflaged with titles to give them the aspect of Americanism but as everyone knows, they are composed of that scum of humanity who have but one thought—the tearing down of every good thing that society has trusted. They are the anarchist—the I. W. W.—the Bolsheviks in America.

It is a lamentable fact that ex-soldiers are found among their membership. Those of us who were favored

with the opportunity of going across and have seen what hell is like, know that America with all her ills and imperfections is good enough for us and we know, too, that it is too good for many others.

If these Red Flag artists could only be given a taste of real suffering such as some of our Allies have had, they would know what the American flag means to men who are willing to do their share of honest toil. We know that the American flag stands for Liberty and Democracy, and we know further that it will not and shall not suffer the insults and abuse of the damnable Bolsheviks. The Kaiser threatened to supplant our flag with his and as a result he is a world-outcast today. It had better be a lesson for the outlaws in America, for if they continue along the lines that they are now following, it does not take a prophet to predict a worse fate for them.

It is probably a safe statement to make that every soldier in the U. S. A. General Hospital, No. 18, believes in the eternal destiny of his country; recognizes but one flag, the flag of his nation, and is unequivocally opposed to the actions of those bearers of the red flag.

DIANA'S IN THE MOTOR CORPS

I know a girl that's trimly trig,
Whose form is slight, whose eyes are
big.

Cased in a natty uni-skirt.

They say in civics she's a beaut,
A debutante of sweet repute

By lingerie and lizards girt.

She's never pared potato peels,
Nor dabbled much in home-made
meals,
Nor swept and scrubbed a trodden
floor.

But niftily, without a blob,
She lifts a battered, helpless gob,
And cranes a buddy to her car.

Across the O. D. city-ways
They warp right through the Avenue's
rout—

O just to help a "blesse" out,
Diana's in the Motor Corps!

—Pierre Loving.

X-RAY INSPECTION

Col. Busby, of the Department of Roentgenology, was here last week and examined all the equipment of the X-Ray Laboratory. He found everything in splendid condition and was much pleased with the work.

Number of Men Returned to Duty

Will Go to Convalescent Centers for Discharge

When you see a bunch of men leaving for a camp their grips and barracks bags, do you realize that it means those men have been put "over the top" by the treatment they have received here?

These groups of 25 to 50 soldiers are the results of the efforts and work done here by the officers, nurses and Detachment men. Something big has been accomplished. They have made the men well.

Wednesday of this week, the following men left here to return to their respective camps: Pvt. William Altizer, Camp Lee, Va.; Pvt. Henry S. Fix, Camp Lee, Va.; Pvt. Dorsie Bell, Camp Gordon, Ga.; Pvts. Moses Cochran, Robert R. Smith and Jno. Brooks, Camp Wadsworth, S. C.; Mech. Frank Driscoll, Camp Devens, Mass.; Corp. Joseph Godley, Camp Grant, Ill.; Pvts. James C. Knight, Dennis Taylor, William Jones and Garfield Hines, Camp Sheridan, Ala.; Pvt. Chauncey McCandless, Camp Sherman, O.; Corp. Jack Thornborrow and Pvt. Leon Michael, Camp Dix, N. J.; Pvt. Otto McDaniel, Camp Funston, Kans.; Pvt. Walter N'ckerson and Pvt. Nat Harris, Camp Travis; Pvt. John A. Johnson, Camp Taylor, N. Y.; Pvts. Theodore Blake and Ross Harrison, Camp Pike, Ark.; Pvt. Edward Slater, Camp Shelby, Miss.

MISS CORAL N. HOOD IS NEW RECONSTRUCTION AIDE

Instruction in Occupational Therapy

Miss Coral N. Hood arrived here this week and has started her instructions in occupational therapy. Miss Hood received her training at the Albright Art Gallery at Buffalo, N. Y., where her home is located. She has also studied in the Lafayette High School and the Buffalo State Normal.

Besides instructing in reed and raffia basketry, bookbinding, cardboard construction, rug weaving, etc., Miss Hood is interested in bird study and would like very much to establish a society. If anyone is interested in this nature study, Miss Hood would like very much to talk to them. She has already sent for several bird books and charts.

With the Wits

Colored Private 'Lows As How Them Hunz Sho' Do Give Service.

Rastus Johnson, a buck private in a negro regiment, en route for the front, declared he could hardly wait for a chance to face the Germans, and boasted that he would show them a thing or two. Finally, he was ushered into a front-line trench, the German line was pointed out to him and he was told to "go to it." Rastus promptly stood up on the firing step and shouted:

"Come on, you Germans! Show me what you got! Send over a Big Bertha, or somethin', you pieces of cheese!"

Hardly had the words passed his lips before a hand grenade whizzed over, bounced off his head and exploded in the air, while darkies scattered in all directions, looking for cover. Rastus, somewhat dazed, sat on the ground, slowly rubbing his head.

"All Ah can say for them Germans," he mutter, is: "they sure do give yer fine service!"—The Right-About.

—:-

Too Formal.

Some amusing incidents in which limited service men figure prominently are constantly appearing. One of the latest is that a limited service "rookie" acting as orderly in the concentration brigade headquarters was given some papers, and told to take them to Lieut. Howard Templeton, commanding officer of the 319th squadron.

Arriving at the headquarters of the squadron and not knowing where to find the lieutenant, the rookie began to holler "Ho, Templeton, where's Templeton?" Then by luck, he finally stuck his head into the lieutenant's office.

"I'm Templeton," remarked the commanding officer, "What do you want?"

"Here's some papers for you," replied the rookie, carelessly tossing the papers on the table and starting to leave.

"Well, don't be so damned formal next time you come to see me," said Lieutenant Templeton. "Call me Howard."—Kelly Field Eagle.

—o—

Sergt. Mitchell—"Pay day, today."

Sergt. Foley—"Say, Mitch, tell Capt. Jewell to draw my money, I am so busy I can't come."

New Telephone Toll Rates

New Rates Are Divided Into Three Classes

The new toll rates went into effect at midnight or 12 o'clock on Monday night. These rates are the government's standardized rates and are in effect over the entire United States, comprising the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Co., and all independent telephone companies.

The new toll rates are divided into three classes as follows:

First—A station-to-station call takes the cheapest day rate and is a conversation from a telephone in one town to a telephone in some other town without designating any particular person you wish to talk to.

Second—A person-to-person call takes a higher rate than a station-to-station call and is a conversation from some person in one town to a particular person in some other town.

Third—An appointment or messenger call takes a higher rate than a person-to-person call and is a call where you wish to talk to some particular person in some other town at some future time by appointment. A messenger call is where the particular person you wish to speak to does not have a telephone and you wish to send a messenger to call your party to the telephone. There is also a messenger charge in addition to the toll charge in this case as formerly.

In case your party is out of town or is unable to talk to you, in which it becomes necessary to cancel your call, there is a reposi charge which is 25 per cent of the toll rate. Formerly this service was free to all users of the telephone and was the cause of frequent congestion of the long distance lines as well as a means whereby some of the unscrupulous were able to secure service without paying for it.

From 8:30 p. m. to 12 m. the station-to-station rate is one-half the day rate for that class of service.

From 12 m. to 4:30 a. m. the station-to-station rate is only one-quarter the day rate. This applies to station service ONLY, the person-to-person and appoipntment or messenger calls take the DAY RATE.

Manager Curtiss informs us that he or the chief operator, Miss Annie May Bramlett, will be glad to explain to anyone at anytime regarding the new toll rates.

DETACHMENT NOTES

Sergeant McBride while on M. P. duty reports this one: One night while on duty, a soldier was walking up and down the road in front of the gate and after watching him for about 15 minutes called him over and asked him what he was doing. The soldier happened to be one of the new patients and seemed rather frightened at McBride's approach and hurriedly explained that he had a pass until 11:30, and in the same breath said: "I know it's only 11 o'clock now, but won't you let me go in anyhow; I'm awfully tired."

* * *

We suggest building an upper berth in the non-coms. mess hall in order that we can eat in peace. About half of them try to get on top of you, anyhow.

* * *

A dream: This occurred in the ward for disabled non-coms., 8:30 p. m.:

Swett: "The fire is almost out, somebody get some coal."

Shoop: "Not me, I got it last night."

Marcuson: "I got it night before last—not my turn."

Beeman: "Let Weitzen get it—he needs the exercise."

Foley: "Never mind, boys, just keep your seat. I'll get it."

* * *

It is reported that upon the arrival of 50 more Detachment men, now due here, each patient will be allowed two orderlies each, instead of one.

* * *

You all know Mason, don't you? Well, he's still in "The Land of the Sky."

* * *

Speaking of funny things, who ever heard mess call without laughing?

* * *

Oh, Providence! Give us one more stripe—that RED one.

* * *

Mitchell (heap big chief) has had rheumatics ankoilitis ever since he ran all the way to the fire Wednesday. Anyhow, the raincoat done the trick and if the fire hadn't have been out before he arrived we feel sure he would have made a grand record for himself.

* * *

Corporal Paley says he read in a recent issue of the Asheville paper that each man will be presented with his uniform and a bonus of one month's pay upon being discharged. Now that this has been settled, all that is necessary is to get a discharge.

There are people who tell more in their sleep than when they are awake. Beeman is one of this rare species, but the sad part of it is, he doesn't know how smart he is when not awake. Too bad he has to wake up.

* * *

Hill has changed his mind about wanting a discharge now. He says since the whole U. S. is doomed to go "dix" there is a better chance of getting "mountain dew" in Waynesville than in Indiana.

* * *

For the love of Mike, fellows, let's all smile once—just to see how we feel. If we don't soon get back into the habit we won't know how to smile when we get our discharge. "Grouch and they all grouch with you—smile, and you smile alone."

* * *

Will the honorable corporal kindly inform us as to how to obtain the latter?

* * *

The boys are becoming wonderful pool players now that there is a table in the Soldiers' Club rooms. Sgt. Buck can now shoot around the table without hitting a rail. There is absolutely no limit to that boy's cleverness.

* * *

Sergts. Buck and Clemmons went out hunting last Sunday and after being out all day came back to find that the dog they had taken out with them had been home most of the afternoon. When asked what they shot, Clemmons replied that there wasn't a rabbit in the whole state of North Carolina.

* * *

Fasig is afraid to take his furlough at this time on account of fear of getting lost. He says so many soldiers travel now-adays that some ticket agent might get mixed up and give him the wrong ticket. We would suggest to Fasig that if he got lost, he should hunt up a sack of potatoes and he would eventually wind up at our mess hall.

* * *

Jack Bennett, who is in partnership with the Canteen stands at the cash register with a check book in one hand and plays a tune on the keys of the register with the other hand. Said tune being: "You'll Soon Be Mine."

* * *

Gebhardt has a nice little puppy to play with now. One of these fine

days Gebhardt will be missing one little puppy and find it in the sausage on the mess hall table.

* * *

Occasionally, Rains, the Arkansas wonder, pulls one over on someone and then sneaks off in a corner and laughs for a full five minutes at a time. The other day someone in the adjutant's office was talking about the new mess hall to be built for the Detachment and the amount of money appropriated for it. It seems rather large to Rains and he made the following clever remark: "If that new mess hall is to cost that much, how much is Kenil-worth?"

* * *

It has now dawned upon us just why the Red Cross distributed canes at Christmas time. In our opinion we will need them by the time we receive our discharge.

* * *

One sure way to get mail is to write yourself a letter. Oh, of course you might forget the address.

* * *

Pie-Face Adams, the orderly in the First Sergeant's office has a wonderful memory. His superior, (you know who we mean), sent him up town for something and he forgot what it was and had to come back to find out. When he got back, the above-mentioned superior was a trifle peeved and tied a string on Adams' finger in order to remind him of it, but it happened that when Adams went up town again he forgot why the string was tied on the finger.

* * *

Bowman has a habit of continually pounding his head and when asked just why he did that, he answered that it felt so good when he stopped.

* * *

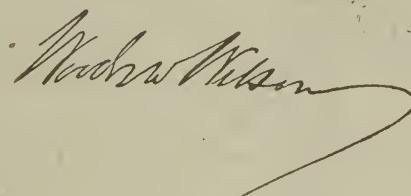
Just why is Bowman's head like the Waynesville Mountaineer-Courier? Because there is nothing in it.

* * *

Bill Bailey is having a contest this week. Anyone with average intelligence may be a contestant and may be entered on filling out and handing out the application blank which Bill is handing out. The contest is to see who has the most appropriate answer to the following question: "Why Is Waynesville?" The prize is a handsome hand-engraved snapshot of Bill Bailey.

President Wilson's Message on Healing the Hurts of Our Wounded

"This Nation has no more solemn obligation than healing the hurts of our wounded and restoring our disabled men to civil life and opportunity. The Government recognizes this, and the fulfillment of the obligation is going forward fully and generously. The medical divisions of the War and Navy Departments are rendering all aid that skill and science make possible; the Federal Board for Vocational Education is commanded by law to develop and adapt the remaining capabilities of each man so that he may again take his place in the ranks of our great civilian army. The cooperation and interest of our citizens is essential to this programme of duty, justice, and humanity. It is not a charity. It is merely the payment of a draft of honor which the United States of America accepted when it selected these men, and took them in their health and strength to fight the battles of the Nation. They have fought the good fight; they have kept the faith, and they have won. Now we keep faith with them, and every citizen is endorser on the general obligation."



(The above is from a recent letter of the President to Dr. C. A. Prosser,
Director of the Federal Board for Vocational Education.)

The large, long tent directly to the rear of Ward VI, has lost some very distinguished members during the past two days. Among the last, but not least, were Mrs. Mitchell and Platt, who, by the way, are now located on the top round of the roost in the main building. Their card reads: "At Home from 8:30 p. m. to 2:30 a. m.," and we are wondering whether they arise at 2:30 or retire at this time. However, we will soon be informed

as we have one of our best secret service men on their track. The latter is no other than the far-famed "Gimmie," and we feel assured that he will soon bring forth results. In the meantime, Mrs. Swett is compelled to take up her abode on the back porch as she failed to pay her rent at her last residence.

* * *

We almost forgot to mention that while Swett is taking his 11:30 p. m. exercise Platt is down doing the

war dance under the cold shower. We don't know why he picks this hour but we think it is because there is no one around at this hour to see him dodging the water.

* * *

Pvt. Emily says, "Bolsheviki sounds like—bottle of whiskey." It must be some relation for they both have about the same effect, and the same Class is effected by both as a rule.

* * *

Some of our boys like the Army so well that they are getting married just when they are about to be discharged, in order that they can continue their military pursuits.

* * *

Hard cider may not make you look extra nice, but just think of how you feel!

* * *

Sergeant to Stout Recruit: "You are better fed than drilled."

Recruit: "Yes, you drill me and I feed myself."

J. M. Mock Ladies' Outfitter

READY TO WEAR

SILKS

WOOLENS

LACES

UMBRELLAS

FANCY GOODS

HOSIERY

GLOVES

SHOES

EMBROIDERIES

RAINCOATS

ROYAL WORCESTER

CORSETS

You Are Always Welcome

J. M. Mock
Main Street
WAYNESVILLE, N.C.

C. G. LOGAN

Auto Company

Garage

THE ARMY DEMANDS THE BEST
THERE IS
THAT IS WHY WE DO THEIR
SHOE REPAIRING

Champion Shoe Shop

L. E. Smith, Prop.

SHOES

SOLDIERS!

If you are going home on a furlough and want a nice pair of shoes, see us. We are the folks that can suit you.

Lee & Brown Company

BOY HOWDY!

When you need a haircut or shave,
try one of our skilled barbers :

City Barber Shop

(SANITARY SHAVERS)

Soldiers on Furlough

We have an assortment of
STEAMER TRUNKS and SUIT
CASES

At reasonable prices

We are agents for Edison Phonographs and Records. Give us a call.

Blue Ridge Furniture Co.

POOL ROOM

A good place to spend a
pleasant hour or so with
your buddie.

—Open Until 11 o'Clock—

Acme Pool Parlor ON MAIN STREET

Subscribe for
Bombproof

A. L. A.

The average theatergoer will perhaps be inclined to look with suspicion on the idea that a play may read as interestingly as it acts. Nevertheless there is a vast field of enjoyment awaiting those who have never browsed among the works of the modern playwrights. The modern drama, since its practical origin in Ibsen, has been characterized in almost all nationalities by a method and spirit entirely its own, and critics are not lacking who call its contribution to literature the most vital and original of all branches.

Some plays are primarily "acting" plays, meant to be seen, and invariably successful on the stage, like Henri Bernstein's "The Thief," or William Gillette's "Secret Service." Some are "reading" plays—the drama of ideas—full of philosophies, symbolisms, and social theorizings, like the majority of the works of the great Russian dramatists, Tolstoi, Thekhov and Andreyev, or of Maurice Maeterlinck. Some plays combine the qualities of both these types, and are as appealing on the stage as in the book. Such, for instance, is Shaw's "Pygmalion," in the volume containing also "Androcles and the Lion," and "Overruled," which is in the Hospital Library. "Pygmalion," made famous by the acting gen'us of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is the fascinating story of a little Cockney flower girl, who is taken in hand by an authority on language and speech, and turned out in three months "fit for a duchess' garden party."

The Hospital Library has recently received a splendid assortment of modern plays which it will pay all our friends to look over. There is, for instance, the whimsical Barrie's "Half Hours," a collection of four short plays, which can be read in no time, and which includes the great playlet in which Ethel Barrymore has done perhaps her best work, "The Twelve-Pound Look." Of recent years the one-act play has become a distinct art-form, and some of the finest contemporary drama is in this miniature compass. Read Lord Dunsany's "Plays of Gods and Men," which created such a furore when produced by Stuart Walker at his Portmanteau Theater in New York, during the last two seasons. One of these plays, "A Night at an Inn," is one of the wildest thrillers in the language, with the suspense and horror of a Sherlock "The Prince of Parthia" to Barker's

Homes story and all the dash of Nick Carter and our youthful heroes, yet written with such consummate art that Clayton Hamilton has called it one of the three greatest one-act plays in English. Then there are Lady Gregory's "Seven Short Plays," which have been so successful in establishing the Irish Renaissance at the Abbey Theater in Dublin.

Many nationalities are represented in these plays in our library, and there is reading for almost any vein of interest. The Eastsider will find in David Pinski's "Three Plays," the soul of the Yiddish people. The great Swede, Strindberg, is here with his thought-provoking masterpiece, "The Father," and "Miss Julie." There is John Galsworthy's "The Pigeon," and several collections of important plays which give a wider range. The volumes of "Washington Square," "Wisconsin," and "Little Theater" plays are monuments to the non-commercial theater movement, which in the past half-dozen years, has brought the breath of a new life into the American theater. Montrose J. Moses' "Representative Plays," by American dramatists, gives a birds-eye view of the development of our native drama in colonial times from Thomas Godfrey's "The Indian Princess." Better still,

there is Dickinson's "Chief Contemporary Dramatists," the best collection of modern plays yet published, with representative dramas by 20 different playwrights—five Englishmen, three Irishmen and -women, four Americans, two Germans, two Frenchmen, a Swede, a Norwegian, a Russian, and a Belgian. This volume will be a mine of gold to anyone wishing to make general survey of the modern drama, or just to read at random among the great plays of the last quarter century.

And finally, back of them all and towering in classic majesty, are the great tragedies and comedies of "our fellow Shakespear." For those whose taste prefers the older glory of Elizabethan times, there is a generous assortment here. No modern problem play or drama of realism or propaganda will ever completely supersede the greatness of "Lear," "The Tempest," "Twelfth Night," or "Romeo," the well-spring of England's dramatic literature.

MAJOR OWEN HERE

Major E. M. Owen, of the Inspector General's Department, is here this week inspecting U. S. A. General Hospital, No. 18.

Pepsi-Cola

No Day Too Hot or Too Cold for

Pepsi-Cola

In summer it quenches that "long thirst" and in winter it tones, exhilarates and gives "pep" to the whole system. Try a bottle.

Delicious and Refreshing at all Times

—Bottled by—

Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

LINES TO JANIE LOVE

Waynesville

By Anna McIntosh Beville

There was a lovely maiden
With a string of soldier beaux,
Who told her of their longing,
So the story goes.

She had a perfect figure,
And wore a graceful skirt,
While 'round her neck a silver fox
Set off her dainty shirt.

Her hair was softest flaxen,
Her eyes a changing gray,
Her lips like the ripe red cherry,
I held the other day.

But she was a heartless maiden,
The true, and artful flirt,
That takes all hearts as pastime,
To crush and sorely hurt.

RED CROSS TENT

A Red Cross tent will be installed at the nurses quarters for the benefit of the nurses on duty and the patient nurses. Another Red Cross tent will be installed for the Detachment men. These tents are simply to be used as writing rooms and the main Red Cross Building, of course, will be open for all.

Our Slogan **S**TETSON SERVICE SATISFIES

We are prepared to take care of all your wants in the Tire Line. For Passenger Cars we have the Michelin in both Cord and Fabric. Also the Low Priced Guaranteed National.

For Trucks there is nothing better than the Republic Prodiem Process Solid Tire. Bring your truck to us in the evening after the day's hauling and we will have it ready for you the next morning.

Our Vulcanizing Department can save you many a dollar by repairing your old tires and tubes. Bring them in and let us look them over. Inspection free.

Stetson Tire Co.

Broadway and Walnut Sts.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE WHITE GUARD

A Department Conducted by the Nurses

WHITE GUARD

How about that 'house warming,' Skeleton Lodge is promising? Don't be slackers—the longer we must wait the more we will expect.

—o—

Isn't it customary to tip porters who carry your luggage aboard a train? Evidently not—if it be a Private Pullman.

—o—

Miss Wilson, Bombproof says they get wonderful results from their "Lost and Found" ads. Why not try them out and advertise, if you lose anything else.

—o—

If it's not too late we would like to suggest a new name for the nurses' ward. "Cram Junction," because of the fact that all sick nurses seem to be sent here first and then switched elsewhere.

—o—

If anyone at the nurses' ward is desirous of obtaining things from the hospital for their own quarters, we

would make the suggestion they accompany same with an armed guard until they pass Skeleton Lodge at least. Where did you get that rug?

—o—

Q. Are there some government officials visiting camp? I saw a Pullman coach at the Waynesville station?

A. Oh, no. That came out to take Misses Sherman and Thompson to Asheville. Some class!!

Bulletin of Orders

SPECIAL ORDERS
No. 205

1. A leave of absence of thirty days is hereby granted Nurse Edna May Long, Army Nurse Corps, to take effect on or about Jan. 22, 1919,

2. A leave of absence of eight days is hereby granted Reconstruction Aide

Marion A. Holmes, effective on or about Jan. 22, 1919.

4. The following named Corporals are hereby promoted to the grade of Sergeant effective Jan. 21, 1919.

Herbert A. Alvis, M. D.
Jessiah F. Williams, M. D.

SPECIAL ORDERS
No. 206

1. Corporal Paul B. Waldrip is relieved from observation and treatment at this hospital and will proceed to U. S. Army General Hospital, Fort Bayard, New Mexico, reporting upon arrival thereto to the Commanding Officer for further observation and treatment.

SPECIAL ORDERS
No. 207

1. The following named officers will proceed to General Hospital, No. 12, Blitmore, N. C., as detail for General Court Martial:

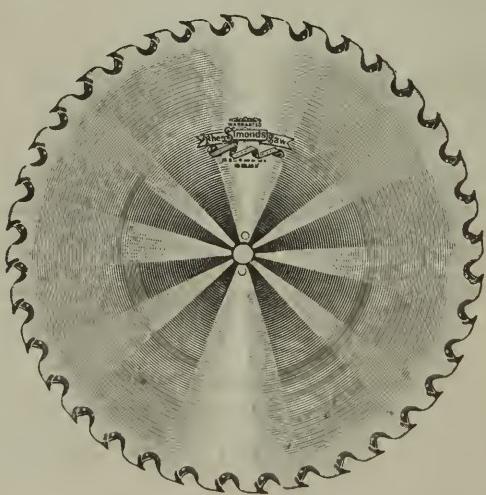
Major Daniel W. Young, M. C.
Capt. Edgar C. Joyce, M. C.
1st Lieut. Ernest J. Butzke, M. C.

Our Cigars

Are Full Value, Good condition, same being purchased weekly from

Barbee-Clark Co.
Asheville, N. C.

Any And Everything for the Smoker.



Did you ever use a better saw than a
Simonds No. 22 Cross Cut?

No. Because there are no better made. The Inserted Tooth Circulars are just as good

—For Sale by—

Carolina Machinery Co.
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

—THE—
Miller House

Electric Lights and Baths
:: Best Table Fare ::
\$2 Day—Special Weekly Rates
One Block From the Station
WAYNESVILLE, N. C.
Phone 73. - - Branner Ave.

L. A. Miller & Co.

PLUMBING

HEATING

TINNING

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

Soldiers and Sailors

When you get to
Asheville go at
once to the

Red Circle Hotel

370 Depot Street

Turn to the left and One Block up.

Official Information
Cafe, Baths, Etc.

CIVILIANS ACCOMMODATED

U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL

No. 18

Buys All Fish and Oysters

FROM

VA. FISH AND OYSTER CO.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Ask Joe Witz.

Meats

Meats

*Just received a
shipment of*

CALVES' TONGUE (IN GLASS
JARS)
LUNCH TONGUES (IN TINS)
COOKED BRAINS
DEVILED AND POTTED HAM
CHIPPED BEEF
VEAL LOAF
CORNED BEEF
BREAKFAST BACON
PICKLED PIGS' FEET

Miller Bros.

PHONE 30

A Southern Cook

WHO SERVES THE BEST
FOOD IN TOWN TO THE
SOLDIERS AT

**Depot Ice Cream Parlor
and Restaurant**

Across From the Depot

The Whitehouse Cafe

THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND

Get your lunch here. A good
meal at a low price.

Ham and Eggs	... 25 Cents
Beef and Potatoes	, 20 Cents
Eggs 10 Cents
Coffee 5 Cents
Milk 5 Cents
Pies 10 Cents
Soup 10 Cents
Dinner 35 Cents
Steak (Small) 20 Cents
Sausage 5 Cents
Egg Sandwich 10 Cents

—o—

J. R. WHITEHOUSE, Prop.

DEPOT STREET

**THE
Mountaineer-
Courier**

is the leading weekly
newspaper in this
end of the state.

\$1.50 the Year

A good advertising
medium.

**CRYSTAL CAFE
SYSTEM**

No. 1—32 Patton Avenue

No. 2—56 Patton Avenue

No. 3—16 N. Pack Square

Asheville, North Carolina

BOMB PROOF

MISS INEZ JOHNSON
ANOTHER HEROINE HERE

(Continued from page one) recently evacuated trenches and recently destroyed villages and picked up many souvenirs and relics but their automobile was discovered and the Germans began to fire on them so they hurried away, for to get wounded is bad enough, but to be wounded off duty is still worse.

Miss Johnson says that some of the boys were wounded as late as 20 minutes to eleven on the day of the signing of the armistice which, of course, took effect at 11 o'clock. The French people knew that the armistice was to be signed that day and promptly at 11 o'clock, without waiting to find whether or not the Huns had signed it, they rang their bells, blew whistles and celebrated in every way thinkable.

At the evacuation hospital the boys would come right from the front when wounded. Of course, they had a little a'tent'on at a field dressing station, but at this hospital they would receive all attention necessary. With very few exceptions the boys would ask that they be given the piece of shrapnel or bullet after had been extiacted and it would be saved and cleaned up for them. So if you see ex-soldiers with a shapeless piece of metal hanging on their watch chains, you may know that it is the chunk that Heinie gave them.

At one time after the big American drive had started, there was stationed near the hospital some 8,000 German prisoners. Miss Johnson said they were well clothed and well fed and very happy to be prisoners. When they left on the train to be shipped farther to the rear they were singing, whistling, playing mouth organs and dancing. One day one of the men gave a German prisoner a small piece of cake and he was delighted. The soldier could talk German and so he asked this prisoner how he woudl like

to have some beer and pretzels. The happy thought was almost more than the German could bear. "Mein Gott," was about all he could say.

On the return trip Miss Johnson said the ships were now running in as in peace times with the exception that they were looking out for stray mines. One of the darky porters on the boat could not understand how Miss Johnson happened to be returning without being wounded and when she told him that she happened to have a breakdown he could not understand it. "Wasn't yo even hit wid a bomb?" he asked.

Miss Johnson certainly has had a wonderful experience and she certainly had done heroic work—eighteen months of it. One of the very, very

first to offer her services to her country.

A special Pullman car brought a number of patients from New Port News, Va., to Asheville and Miss Johnson came here, having her own "private" car. She was accompanied to Waynesville by Major H. D. Cochrane, M. C., and her sister, who is at present at the Palmer House. Major Cochrane was well pleased with General Hospital, No. 18, and said he felt quite sure that patients here were receiving the best of attention.

Divine Service.

Mass will be celebrated at 9:15 A. M. on Sunday, January 26, in the Red Cross building.

Rev. John B. Mullin, Chaplain.

TRAVELING?

Suit Cases and Hand Bags

McCRACKEN CLOTHING CO.

"One Cash Price"

Your Pictures

One order will convince you that our work has the stamp of quality upon its face. That is where the beauty of a picture appeals to your friends and brings pleasure to your own eye. Send your films to us to be developed—we'll bring out all there is in them, and will print your photographs, showing all the life and tone the negative will yield.

Developing, 10c per roll, 12 exposures, 15c; film packs, 25c.

Printing From Your Negatives

15-8x2 1-2, 3c each. 2 1-4x3 1-4, 4c each

3 1-2x3 1-2, 2 1-2x4 1-4, 5c each. 3 1-4x4 1-4, 3 1-4x5 1-2, 5 1-2c each

Terms Cash. Mail orders postpaid—Be sure your name is on the roll
Mailed us.

THE SHERRILL STUDIO

Z. V. ROGERS, Mgr.

Waynesville, N. C.

SOLDIERS OF THE U. S. A.

The Royal Cafe

can and will give the best EATS in town at REASONABLE PRICES. Or we will make up lunches and send them out.

PHONE ORDERS TAKEN

A Laundry That Offers a Double Service

THE MODEL WHITE STEAM PRESSING CLUB CAN GIVE EFFICIENT SERVICE IN LAUNDRY WORK AND IN CLEANING AND PRESSING. THE LAUNDRY IS CLOSE TO THE HOSPITAL, BEING ONLY A STONE'S THROW FROM THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS WHILE OUR CLEANING AND PRESSING ESTABLISHMENT IS IN TOWN, RIGHT ACROSS MAIN STREET FROM THE POST OFFICE

Pressing

AT our cleaning and pressing rooms we have every facility for cleaning uniforms as well as civilian clothing. We can clean khaki by a process that leaves the cloth almost the original color. The pressing is done by hand and machine, and we have an expert seamstress to do the sewing and mending. Here we have facilities for making uniforms and civilian clothing. Give us a trial.

Laundry

IN our laundry we can clean almost anything from handkerchiefs to O. D. blankets. The modern methods and up-to-date machinery thoroughly cleanse the cloth without injuring or tearing its texture or shrinking the material. The work is carefully done from the time the clothes come inside the building until taken away. The white auto is our delivery wagon. Send your clothes by it or bring them.

Model White Pressing Club and Steam Laundry

LAUNDRY: KILLIAN STREET

PRESSING CLUB: MAIN STREET (Opposite Waynesville Hotel)
PHONES 15 AND 15-N

"Good Morning, Mr. Zipp, Zipp!"

Haircutting and Washing
Shaving and Massaging

This is what we do and in the most skilied and sanitary methods in Waynesville.

All Expert Barbers at
MASSEY, EVANS BARBER SHOP

National Bank Building, on Depot St.

Books

Stationery

Magazines

Musical Instruments

Musical Goods

Sheet Music

Souvenirs

Waynesville Book Co.

Main Street

Waynesville, N. C.

FRANK RAY & CO.

Outfitters to

MEN and
WOMEN

Everything to Wear

See Our Big Shoe Stock

FRANK RAY
& CO.

MAIN STREET

Waynesville, N. C.

Hyatt & Company

Manufacturers and Dealers In

BUILDERS MATERIAL

Doors, Sash, Rubberoid Roofing,
Finished Lumber, Brick,
Lime and Cement

FEED AND COAL

C. S. Meal	Domestic
C. S. Hulls	Furnace
Hay, Grain, Etc	Steam

All Orders Given Prompt At-tention

"Quality, Price, Service"

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

Phone 13. : : Depot St.

Blackwell-Bushnell Co.

Wholesale Dealers in

Groceries
Tobacco
and
Cigars

Waynesville, : N. C.

Consider--

Ten Years From Now

By 1929 will you know the taste of
success?

Or will you look back and feel the
vain regret of not having saved?

We offer every encouragement to
those who wish to save and succeed.

*Bank of
Waynesville*

THE OLDEST BANK IN WESTERN N. C.